

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 4.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1899.

NO. 52.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:15 A. M. Daily.  
7:17 A. M. Daily except Sunday.  
9:12 A. M. Daily.  
1:14 P. M. Daily.  
6:15 P. M. Daily except Sunday.  
8:16 P. M. Sundays only.

SOUTH.

7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.  
8:10 A. M. Sundays only.  
1:12 A. M. Daily.  
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.  
7:08 P. M. Daily.  
12:10 A. M. Sundays only.

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves..... 7:35 A. M.  
First car from 50th Street for Baden Station leaves..... 8:12 A. M.  
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves..... 8:50 A. M.  
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station..... 4:35 P. M.  
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station..... 5:12 P. M.  
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station..... 5:50 P. M.  
First car leaves Baden Station for City..... 8:00 A. M.  
Last car leaves Baden Station for City..... 6:00 P. M.  
Cars run between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 20 minutes from..... 8:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

## COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry..... 11:25 P. M.  
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry..... 11:42 P. M.  
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry..... 12:00 M.  
Last car for Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at..... 11:28 P. M.  
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at..... 12:05 A. M.  
Last car leaves Ferry for 30th Street and Sunnyside only at..... 12:32 A. M.

## PARK LINE

last car from 18th and Guerrero to Golden Gate Park..... 11:27 P. M.  
Last car from Golden Gate Park to 18th and Guerrero..... 12:50 P. M.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays 8:30 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

## MAIL ARRIVE.

|                | A. M. | P. M. |
|----------------|-------|-------|
| From the North | 7:45  | 4:15  |
| " South        | 11:30 | 7:00  |

## MAIL CLOSES.

|       | A. M. P. M. |       |
|-------|-------------|-------|
| North | 8:45        | 12:30 |
| South | 7:00        |       |

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

## MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

| JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT             |              |
|----------------------------------|--------------|
| Hon. G. H. Buck                  | Redwood City |
| TREASURER                        |              |
| P. F. Chamberlain                | Redwood City |
| TAX COLLECTOR                    |              |
| F. M. Granger                    | Redwood City |
| DISTRICT ATTORNEY                |              |
| J. J. Bullock                    | Redwood City |
| ASSESSOR                         |              |
| C. D. Hayward                    | Redwood City |
| COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER        |              |
| M. H. Thompson                   | Redwood City |
| SHERIFF                          |              |
| G. Barker                        | Redwood City |
| SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS        |              |
| Miss Etta M. Tilton              | Redwood City |
| CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR |              |
| Jas. Crowe                       | Redwood City |
| SURVEYOR                         |              |
| W. B. Gilbert                    | Redwood City |

## Coal Beds in Mexico.

City of Mexico.—The engineers reports confirm the previously announced discovery of extensive and commercially available coal beds in the state of Puebla, which may lead to the reactivation of the gas business in this city. The concession for the gas company was granted two years ago to Americans and twice renewed, but nothing has come of it, although the charter was more liberal than will in all probability ever be granted again.

## Oil in San Luis Obispo.

San Luis Obispo.—Oil has been found in such quantities on the ranch of A. B. Hasbrouck, southeast of this city, near the Huasca country, that capitalists have associated themselves with the owner of the property, and steps have been taken to begin operations on an extensive scale. The surface indications point to an almost inexhaustible supply of petroleum. The necessary machinery is now on the road from Los Angeles and will be erected without delay.

## Spanish Minister Resigns.

Madrid.—The Minister of Justice, Senor Duran, has resigned in consequence of the decision of the Government to suspend the constitutional guarantees at Barcelona.

Peggotty's House at Auction.

London.—Peggotty's house at Yarmouth, the scene of some of the most touching episodes in Charles Dickens' novel, "David Copperfield," has just been sold at auction for £460.

## PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

### Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

### ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events that Are Rolled Down to Suit Our Busy Readers.

Another railroad is to be built between Sacramento and Stockton, Cal. In Mazatlan, Mex., there has not been a failure or a fire for fifteen years. Deposits in the San Francisco, Cal., savings banks amount to \$117,324,597.

Durango, Mexico, wants to borrow \$2,000,000, to be expended in local improvements.

Los Angeles, Cal., will now sell its recently authorized water bonds to the amount of \$2,090,000.

Washington dairymen are to hold a convention at North Yakima on December 28 and 30.

Santa Barbara Co., Cal., is shipping large quantities of beans for coffee manufacture in San Francisco.

Whatcom county, Wash., has 90 miles of trunk line wagon roads, costing \$18,000, and bridges costing \$60,300.

The four Fairhaven salmon canneries have put up 344,000 cases this season, mostly sockeyes, though there are a few humpbacks and silversides.

The Canadian-U. S. Alaska boundary dispute has been temporarily arranged by a line drawn across Chilkat pass, delineated by the river and mountain top.

A large number of hogs are being shipped from the Rogue river valley, Or. They readily command 4½ cents gross, the best price that has been paid for them in many years.

The receipts of the Walla Walla fruit fair this year were \$5300, and expenses only \$4000. Last year the receipts were \$7000, but there was a deficit of \$500 after bills were paid.

The Pacific & Idaho Northern is now in operation 24 miles from Weiser, Idaho, and construction crews are strung along the route and are making rapid progress, to the Seven Devils mines.

Commissioners of Shoshone county, Idaho, have taken steps to borrow \$40,000 to pay off outstanding warrants, and have authorized the sheriff to appoint 40 deputies, to be paid only when in actual service.

Pendleton, Or., is improving her water system. Recent tests made prove the pressure obtained on the mains to be sufficient for fire emergencies and it is proposed to do away with the paid fire departments substituting a volunteer department.

A sockeye salmon hatchery is about to be established on Chilliwack lake, Wash., which empties into the Fraser river of British Columbia. It is justified, however, by the statement that of the 854,000 cases packed this year on Puget sound 600,000 cases were of Frazer river fish, caught in American waters.

John Prussia, who was on the Confederate gunboat Alabama when she was destroyed by the United States warship Kearsarge off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, in 1864, is employed in the box factory at Cosmopolis, Wash. When the Alabama was sunk by her antagonist Prussia was saved by a French fishing boat.

H. S. Pritchett, Superintendent United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, goes next season on the U. S. steamer Pathfinder to Alaskan waters to survey the islands of the Aleutian group, near Unimak pass. The islands, Mr. Pritchett says, have not been correctly located on Government charts and maps. Several islands of the Aleutian group, lying between fifteen and twenty miles apart, near Unimak pass, have been selected as a field for the use of wireless telegraphy. By this means Mr. Pritchett expects that the difference in latitude of the islands will be determined accurately.

## Does Not Want the Prisoners.

Washington.—Governor Steunenberg of Idaho has had another conference with Secretary Root respecting the maintenance of Federal custody of the miners who are now held as prisoners in Idaho by the troops. The War Department is anxious to escape the responsibility for the further care of these prisoners. On the other hand, Governor Steunenberg cannot see his way clear to accept their custody because he has no sufficient force to take care of them. Secretary Root has suggested that the Governor issue a call for a special session of the Legislature to deal with the question.

Meanwhile the War Department will continue for a short time at least to hold the prisoners.

## Spanish Minister Resigns.

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## BOERS NOT YET BEATEN.

Agent of Krueger Discusses the African Conflict.

Philadelphia.—Edward Vandusen Paul, who is delegate to represent President Krueger at the International Commercial Congress, will not take further part in the proceedings. He left for Chicago, where he goes on other business for the Transvaal Government. Mr. Paul intended to have read a paper before the congress, but the state of affairs in South Africa called him to other duties.

Before leaving for the West, he said, speaking of the war: "The news thus far received from South Africa would rather favor the British side of the conflict, but it would be well for Americans to remember that nine out of ten dispatches received from the seat of war come from British sources. I do not believe that the Boers have been repulsed as badly as the press dispatches have stated. I realize as well as anybody that Great Britain has a tremendous power, and had she to deal with a small nation like the Transvaal located within reach of the guns of her ships there would be a speedy end of the war; but the Transvaal is a gigantic fortress in itself. The Boers are determined to maintain their independence; they are willing to sacrifice all, and the fight will be a bloody one from the very start."

"England has a much more difficult task than her war party is aware of, and the truthfulness of this statement will be borne out by early events. I expect to see most of the fighting done in British territory, and I expect, further, that the independence, complete and everlasting, of the South African Republic will be acknowledged by all nations of the earth."

## INCIDENT NOT FORMALLY CLOSED.

Watson's Action in Sounding Home Commander Taussig.

Washington.—The incident that occurred in the Philippines between Rear-Admiral John C. Watson, commander-in-chief of the Asiatic station, and Commander F. D. Taussig, in command of the Bennington, owing to a misunderstanding as to the way in which certain orders of the Admiral were to be carried out, as a result of which Commander Taussig was relieved of his command and ordered to return to the United States, has been closed by the Navy Department's action in the following manner:

"Admiral Watson's action is held to be within the discretionary authority vested in him by article 304, paragraph 8, of the navy regulations, it being impracticable to have a court of inquiry, and owing to the present importance of the Asiatic station it is indispensable that harmony should be maintained in his command.

"Commander Taussig is regarded, from the time of his arrival in the United States, as having been detached from duty on a foreign station. He was ordered home and placed on waiting orders as in ordinary cases. He has now been given appropriate shore duty in connection with the Lighthouse Bureau, and, when practicable, will have command of another vessel commensurate with his rank, to serve elsewhere than on the Asiatic station."

## GERMANY BUILDING AN AIRSHIP.

A British Officer Tells of a Monster Flying Machine Under Construction.

London.—Major Baden-Powell in a report describing a visit to the docks in which a German airship was being constructed, says: "I was immensely impressed on entering a great wooden building erected on a floating raft to see what appeared to be the slender skeleton of a huge vessel.

This vessel appeared as big as the most powerful battle-ship, but was constructed of such delicate material as to suggest a stupendous bird cage. This, which is made entirely of aluminum, is the framework on which the outer skin will be stretched. Inside a number of large balloons will be placed. Underneath are a gallery and cars, all made of aluminum.

"There are also engines which, it is hoped, will drive the vessel through the air at a speed of twenty-two miles an hour. The total lifting capacity of the airship will be about ten tons, which is sufficient for it to carry enough stores and ballast to remain in the air for some days. Seventy thousand pounds sterling have been spent by the commission, which includes the leading scientific experts."

## Buying Yankee Cartridges.

Bridgeport, Conn.—The British Government has placed an immense order for ammunition with the Union Metallic Cartridge Company of this city for use in the war in South Africa. It is unofficially declared that part of the order is for 5,000,000 shot shell, with as many more ball cartridges.

When questioned as to the full extent of the order, an official of the company replied that it was against the rules of the concern to talk in relation to war orders. Preparations for the rush that the fulfillment of the order will entail have already been commenced.

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Meanwhile the War Department will continue for a short time at least to hold the prisoners.

## NEW SHIPS AVAILABLE.

### Small Chance for Maneuvers or for Practice Work.

### VESSELS TO DO BLOCKADE DUTY.

The New York and Massachusetts Will Be Used to Test Marconi's Wireless Telegraphy.

New York.—A special to the Tribune from Washington says: "It has been decided that the North Atlantic will not cruise in the Caribbean next winter, and, in consequence the concentration of nearly all available commissioned vessels for blockade duty in the Philippines, no squadron will be sent to the subject of rivers and harbors, the chief of engineers expresses satisfaction at the working of the contract system generally.

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The work of installing dynam

# THE ENTERPRISE

**H. E. CUNNINGHAM**  
Editor and Proprietor.

The newly discovered Eros is a little love of a planet.

Should the evil of a use of money ever be healed in politics it won't happen through the ordinary healer.

A doctor admits that he kills incurable patients. He's a wise doctor if that is the only kind he ever kills.

The candy trust may be a good thing for the confectioners, but it will be rough on the doctors and dentists.

The census of Cuba will necessitate considerable more work than it would have Weylre remained in charge of the island.

Why should remark be made about Mark Twain residing in New Jersey? He'd be a funny man if he didn't live somewhere.

Many of those who talk of boycott would like to see the French Exposition, but they can't shut their eyes to the Dreyfus case.

It is estimated that New York burglars secured booty worth \$3,500,000 last year. They are not paying any taxes on it either.

In our view of life it is well to remember that the Man With the Hoe isn't always the most miserable. It's often the man who hires him.

Occasionally we find a case where a man's friends support him for office because it's easier and cheaper than supporting him in some other way.

Comment is made that the dancing masters have ordained that the waltz shall be danced differently. Why shouldn't they take steps to modify fashions also?

The government is to manufacture its own smokeless powder hereafter, and of course it is to be expected that it will be more smokeless than that of any other nation on earth.

William Waldorf Astor is reported to have rejected a poem written for his magazine by Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Astor must have reasons for believing that Kipling is not to be made a lord after all.

A common practical joke is to pull a chair away from a person who is about to sit down. "Practical murder" is the more accurate phrase, for death or lifelong spinal disease may follow the cruel act.

The world's production of gold last year amounted in value to nearly \$295,000,000. That is an enormous sum, yet it is a mere trifle in comparison with the value of other products far less glittering. The output of the wheat fields makes that of the gold mines seem poor indeed.

It is said that there is no range long enough to test the new British guns. At this rate of progress it won't be long before the nations can make war on each other without going out of their respective domains—it only remains now to perfect a projectile that will go round a corner.

"Automobile" is indeed a mongrel word, half Greek, half Latin, but having come into general use, it has gained nine points of the law, and may be looked upon as a fixture in the language. The disposition to shorten it to "auto" is nearly as vulgar as the degradation of bicycle to "bike."

Tennessee, Arkansas and all other Southern States have developed natural resources for the manufacture of a great variety of commodities for which they are dependent on Northern States. "More business, less politics," will tend to the abolition of all such needless and costly independence.

The waste of atmosphere is the subject of an article by George J. Varney in the Chautauquan. It is to be hoped, he says, that all unnecessary pollution of the atmosphere and consumption of its life-giving principle will soon be avoided; and that the forests, which conserve our water power and restore oxygen to the atmosphere, will receive that careful protection and nurture which their importance demands.

A Frenchman once classified Americans in Europe as "millionaires, snobs and tourists." The millionaires spent their money freely and sometimes sacrificed their daughters for titles. The snobs were ashamed of their own country, and eager to be known as the companions of princes, dukes and earls. The tourists were a mob of sight-seers, out of whom money was to be made at every turn." A satirical grouping, based upon sufficient truth to some what disturb national pride.

Life holds no greater pleasure than is the expenditure of energy in that productive work the doing of which is a delight, to which one gives self wholly; that carries with it no sense of weariness until its ending; to which one goes with joy, and from which one goes with reluctance. Earth holds no happier man or woman than one who so works, and no man or woman ever feels this pleasure or works thus delightedly who is not doing the thing for which nature has best endowed him or her with capacity. When taste and talent are in tune life's sweetest chords are touched; when not in tune they give out only jarring, rasping discord. There is a sublimation in such

work that leaves below it all that is sordid. Fortune or fame may follow, but only as the incident, not the end; for thought of compensation or of men's applause is dwarfed by the mere gratification of doing that which one is conscious is the best one can do.

The Salt Lake City Judge who assessed a confessed polygamist a \$100 fine, which, by the way, was promptly paid, was probably within the law when he ranked the act of polygamy as a misdemeanor only. It would be pertinent to inquire, however, how long it would take to rid the new State of Utah of polygamy, root and branch, when those who break the statute are let off with fines. Most of the Mormons who are wealthy enough to take an additional wife would not feel the tax of a moderately heavy fine. There is something wrong when the laws which were enacted before Utah was admitted as a State are thus practically nullified.

The present scarcity of servant girls, which is the subject of frequent and somewhat exaggerated comment in the newspapers, must impress the thoughtful student of household economics with two facts: First, housekeeping as a science is far behind the industrial procession; second, there is something radically wrong in the relations existing between housekeepers and domestic servants.

As a matter of fact, housekeeping is the one business that is not fully abreast of modern economical progress. It is in many of its departments crude and unscientific. Invention has furnished a few labor-saving appliances, it is true, but housekeeping has not yet been divested of its drudgery. It clings to traditions and old-fashioned notions. The science of cookery has advanced, but of what value are the new culinary ideas and discoveries if no one can be employed to put them into practical use in a home? Why does a girl leave the domestic service of a comfortable home at good wages to work in a store or a factory for wages that are scarcely sufficient to pay her board? For two reasons: Because in the store or factory she is not called a "servant," and because she works only ten hours a day and six days out of the week, which means to her "industrial independence." It is very clear to anyone who views housekeeping from the standpoint of a cold business proposition that the solution of the domestic service problem lies in a readjustment of the relations between the head of the domestic establishment and the housemaid. A few more years of deprivation and hardship may be necessary to convince housekeepers of this fact. It is believed by many that the time is coming when the housemaid will be employed on the same basis that girls and men are employed in the stores; that they will report for work at a certain hour in the morning and quit at a certain hour in the evening, sustaining to the household only the relations of an employee and forming no part of the domestic circle. The employee will no longer be called a "servant"—a name that should be obsolete in free America—but will be on a social equality with all other classes of wage-earners, resting under no stigma of servitude. Whether it is coming to this or not it cannot be denied that no progress toward a solution of the problem can be made that does not start with a correct ascertainment of the reasons that impel a girl to leave domestic service to accept employment in other lines of industry.

**"Cordially Yours."**  
Interesting conclusions are drawn from a study of the different ways writers subscribe themselves. The curt "Yours" and "Yours truly" are found not only in business letters, but in personal notes as well, for there are plenty of correspondents who don't believe in gush, and who think that "Yours truly" or "sincerely" means about all they wish to convey. Opposed to these sensible and essentially practical persons is that class of writers made up usually of young and enthusiastic individuals, as a rule of the gentle sex, who throw words about as carelessly on paper as they do in conversation, and who sign themselves "affectionately yours" even when writing to casual acquaintances. "Cordially yours," by the way, is seen more and more frequently now in notes between acquaintances who are on distinctly friendly or cordial terms. After all, "Your friend," when it can be used truthfully, is a simple and satisfactory way of ending friendly letters. Some people have the habit of not prefacing their names with any set form of words at the end of letters. They stop when they get through, and simply write their signatures, this being an easy way out of the difficulty.

**That Tired Feeling.**  
"When you hear a man complaining of 'that tired feeling,' you may be sure that he spends more of his day talking and lounging than working," said a well-known physician.

"A truly hard worker never suffers from this disease, for such it is. It arises from not working off, by either mental or manual exercise or work, the superfluous energy given to every man. This energy, if left, turns itself, so to speak, to forming poisonous juices which sap the vitality."

"Just as a thoroughly trained athlete waits with certainty his second wind, so every really hard-working business man knows that he does his best work after he has shaken off 'that tired feeling.'

"In fact, you will find that a really hard worker never complains of it after he has passed his twenty-fifth or twenty-seventh year, because he has then trained this energy to do its proper work—that is, keep his mind and body fresh and vigorous."

As soon as a man saves up a few dollars, he begins to lie about his ancestors.

## HEALTHY FAR NORTH

### SALUBRIOUS CLIMATE OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Spitzbergen and Iceland are suggested as Eligible Locations for Health Resorts—Healing Is in the Air—Medical Theories Overturned.

The fascination of the far north is not influencing men like Nansen, Jackson and Peary alone. Even the pleasure seeker has been attracted, and it is not so very long ago that the Lusitans woke the arctic echoes with the strains of a string band. Another trip was made to Spitzbergen, and one of the party gave a striking picture of polar charms. "We were invading," he wrote, "the very sanctuary of solitude; we, with our string band, our trained cook, our costumed maid in London and our end of the century habits and customs—what had we to do here disturbing the silence of the frozen quiet? And yet how strangely beautiful it was! Of almost every other famous scene the traveler asks himself: 'Of what does this remind me?' Of the coast line of Spitzbergen there is no rival south of itself. Could you imagine yourself on some Alpine height, surrounded by vast mountains, cut off some few thousand feet from their summits by a level line of olive gray clouds, you might get an idea of the outline of that wonderful scene. But no words can give the faintest impression of the marvelous atmospheric changes produced by the sun toward midnight. Look ahead, and the snowy peaks are glowing pink with approaching sunset; look back, and the spires of snow are lying in that dead white light which precedes the dawn, and midway between is a long stretch that is neither sunrise nor sunset. It is a period of its own. As the heights vary, so you think you are catching the last gleam of a dying sun or the first flush of its rising. The sun at midnight we saw not. At about a quarter of an hour before the bells told us it was midnight a bank of thick clouds slowly rose and hid the sun from our curious eyes; another half hour and he was bright again; but the sun at midnight was always curtained for us. It was difficult to force one's self to bed, so bright was the sunlight and so varied the attractions that met the eye."

The Arctic Circle as a health resort sounds somewhat eccentric; but it is not beyond the dreams of the doctors. Recollect that Dr. Nansen has declared that his medical adviser on the Fram had a sinecure while the crew were in the furthest north. "Every one was absurdly healthy," remarked the leader of the expedition. "A man with an ache or pain would have broken the monotony."

It is more extraordinary that Spitzbergen should become a sanitarium than that Davos in winter should have won the approval of the medical men for consumptives? Davos was originally discovered by the Germans. Thirty years ago a Teutonic physician accompanied by a friend wandered to the spot, and with difficulty obtained lodgings in a solitary dwelling. The doctor was suffering from consumption, and to his delight and astonishment found himself rapidly growing better. He considered that the high Alpine air was an admirable tonic; that though at a great height above the sea, the sun beat down with immense power through the rarefied atmosphere, and that the pine forests which clothed the hillside were fraught with healthful influence. The German doctor, happily recovered, started the theory for his countrymen that in cases of phthisis a cold climate was better than a warm one. This medical heresy, for such it would have seemed at the time, gradually made its way. The theory was that in this cold climate the living germs which cause pulmonary disease cannot exist, and are gradually exterminated. The Germans came in crowds. Gradually, to defray the expenses, they resorted to every means of earning a livelihood. They opened all kinds of shops, hotels, pensions; gave lessons in every province of education—languages, natural science, painting and wood carving.

In the next century we may see Spitzbergen a flourishing health resort. We are getting tired of the continental curves. Arctic baths sound invigorating, and arctic air is certainly free from noxious microbes. The only disadvantage is the long sea voyage, which, however, may be declared to constitute part of the treatment. But if Spitzbergen be too far distant, why not patronize Iceland? Iceland is one of the most interesting places in the world; its physical features are very remarkable, and not less so is the history of its people. The Icelanders, as a race, are noble, intellectual and brave; their government is thoroughly republican in spirit and all citizens have equal rights and perfect religious liberty. The Norse language is still spoken in Iceland.—Fireside.

### The Missionary's Little Joke.

A native Maori chieftain, the descendant of cannibal kings, is now completing his medical education in Chicago. Cannibalism ended in his tribe, he says, when Bishop Selwyn converted his grandfather; but he tells some stories of it which have a distinctly humorous flavor. For instance:

"It is said that once a chief captured a missionary who was anything but a toothsome morsel, as he was old and thin, and looked as if his flesh would be tough. The missionary warned the chief that he would not make a good dinner, and pulling up his trousers cut a slice off the calf of his leg and offered it to the chief."

The chief tasted it, said he didn't like it, and passed it to a subchief. The

sub tasted it, made a wry face, and passed it on. The next man who took a bite of it spat it out. The missionary was released. After he had gone it was discovered that he wore a cork leg.

### A Cultured Monarch.

King Oscar II, King of Norway and Sweden, is one of the most cultured men in Europe. He is remarkable in literature, his works comprising musical compositions, verse, fiction and many volumes on technical subjects, and he has also translated into Swedish Goethe's *Faust*, which alone is a very great undertaking. He is a fine speaker, and in his youth had such a remarkably fine and well-trained voice that it was considered one of his greatest gifts. The King, though now an old man, has a splendid presence, and in manners is simple and unaffected. He spends many months of the year at Tullgarn, his grand old castle on the edge of the cliffs overhanging the sea, and one of his greatest pleasures is drilling his little grandsons.

**TOPIC TIMES**

By a new Connecticut law the taking of over thirty brook trout in a single day by the same person is prohibited under a \$50 penalty, so there is some limit there to fishermen's stories.

Worth, the famous dressmaker, said the most expensive dress he ever turned out was an evening dress for the wife of an American millionaire. He received \$200,000 for it. The embroidery on the train alone cost \$25,000.

A Delafield miss in Denver who writes a large masculine hand addressed a newspaper: "I am quite strong and have some practice. How can I best and quickest go on the stage?" The answer was: "You must whip somebody and get a reputation first."

Returns to the Department of Agriculture show that the number of cattle other than milch cows in the country at the close of 1898 was nearly 3,000,000 smaller than year before. This decline in the total number was accompanied by a rise in value of more than \$20,000,000.

Every year the Treasurer of the United States is called upon to redeem millions of bank notes which have been badly worn as a result of constant handling. During the fiscal year recently closed Treasurer Roberts gave new bills in exchange for old to the amount of \$290,000,000, breaking the record of the last six years.

A resident of Randolph, Me., has a souvenir of Japan, a gem in its way, sent by a friend living in Yokohama. It is a little volume made of Japanese napkins folded. The illustrations are pretty and quaint and depict scenes characteristic of that land of flowers. The coloring is exquisite and each picture is explained by a sweet little poem.

Major Dean and wife of the vicinity of Lakenan, Mo., are living on the same farm and in the same dwelling in which they started housekeeping in 1833. There has never been a transfer of the property since the old parchment deed, bearing the signature of President Jackson, was made. Major Dean is 90 years old and still "tends to his crop."

W. Reyman, a New York cyclist, who started out from Gotham two and a half years ago to make a trip around the world on his wheel, has arrived at San Francisco on the United States transport Warren, having worked his passage from Nagasaki as a dishwasher. His money gave out at Moscow, and, his wheel having broken down, he had to foot it across Siberia and Manchuria.

George Miller, the most extensive watermelon grower in the world, possesses a 480-acre farm in Oklahoma entirely devoted to that green-skinned congener of the cucumber. Mr. Miller's disposition, as shown by a sign conspicuously posted in the various parts of his farm, may interest students of human nature. It reads: "Five dollars fine for any man who drives through here without taking melon."

California can boast of possessing the smallest postoffice. It is Virginia, in San Diego County. The postoffice building is made of an old piano box and is about six feet high and five feet wide. There are five private boxes, besides the general delivery window, but there are no accommodations for money order business. Two stages running from San Diego to Escondido stop at the postoffice daily to deliver and receive mails.

California can boast of possessing the smallest postoffice. It is Virginia, in San Diego County. The postoffice building is made of an old piano box and is about six feet high and five feet wide. There are five private boxes, besides the general delivery window, but there are no accommodations for money order business. Two stages running from San Diego to Escondido stop at the postoffice daily to deliver and receive mails.

**The Inner Life.**  
The inner life is the life that springs From God through man, in the secret place; Where, kept from harm by defending wings

The pure in heart may behold God's face; The life of love, and faith, and prayer; Such as the world needs everywhere.

### More Faith.

Act according to your faith, do the works of your faith. You believe that God is holy and that your life should be pure; you believe that God is love, and that we must love even to sacrifice; so this, and I venture to say to you that to-morrow you will have more faith.—Eugene Biersler.

### The Strong Man.

It is the man of strong convictions who counts in this world. He who stands for something in the end carries the day. He of the easy-going or milk-and-water type of character drops out in the battle of life.—Presbyterian.

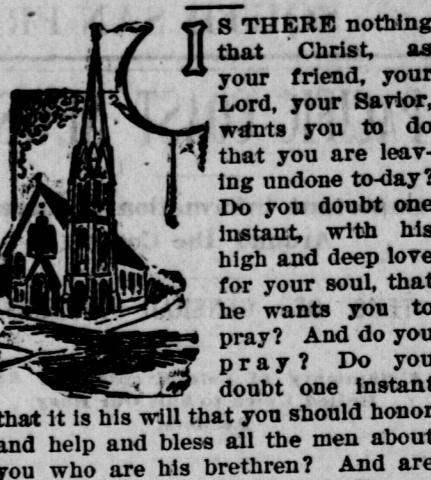
### God's Love.

God is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where he wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly "our Father's business." He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough for what he wants us to do; and we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot

## FOR SUNDAY READING

### THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

**Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.**



IS THERE nothing that Christ, as your friend, your Lord, your Savior, wants you to do that you are leaving undone to-day? Do you doubt one instant, with his high and deep love for your soul, that he wants you to pray? And do you doubt one instant

that it is his will that you should honor and help and bless all the men about you who are his brethren? And are you doing anything like that? Do you doubt one instant that his will is that you should make life serious and lofty? Do you doubt one instant that he wants you to be pure in deed and word and thought? And are you pure? Do you doubt one instant that his command is for you openly to own him and declare that you are his servants before all the world? And have you done it? These are the questions which make the whole matter clear.

No, in quiet lanes, nor in the bright temple courts, as once he spake, and not from blazing heavens as men sometimes seem to expect—not so does Christ speak to us. And yet he speaks! I know what he—there in all his glory—he, here in my heart—wants me to do to-day, and I know that I am not mistaken in my knowledge. It is no guess of mine. It is his voice that tells me.—Phillips Brooks.

### The Bible.

Some writer gives the following analysis of the "Book of books," the Bible: It is a Book of Laws, to show the right and wrong.

It is a Book of Wisdom, that makes the foolish wise.

It is a Book of Truth, which detects all human errors.

It is a Book of Life, that shows how to avoid everlasting death.

It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published.

It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences.

It is a complete code of laws.

It is a perfect body of divinity.

It is an unequalled narrative.

## PHANTOMS.

Whence do they come? What may their import be—  
The flitting, flashing phantoms of the mind—  
That half awake and half in dream we see;  
That never can be captured or defined?  
They hint at something lost, something desired.  
Something whose ownership would make us glad—  
Perhaps at thoughts with subtle meaning fired.  
Or truths unrecognised because unclad,  
They may be glints of half-forgotten dreams.  
They may be memories long buried deep,  
That from their ashes give out fitful gleams  
Before they sink to their long final sleep.  
Perhaps electric lines from other brain  
Are tapped and flashed by crossing with our own,  
Perhaps some floating shreds or bits remain  
Of former life that we somewhere have known.

Perhaps they are the signals loved ones send  
Who wait our coming on the other shore;  
Too spirit-full with earthly sense to blend,  
Too finely soft to fully pierce life's roar.  
Perhaps! Perhaps! Conjectures cannot teach!  
We clutch at shadows and we grasp the air!  
The mystery is aye beyond our reach—  
An ignis fatuus no art can snare.

## All in Vain.

It was in the middle of August we first met, Guy and I. My sister Margaret had been suffering from a general decline, and we, fearing consumption had marked her for its own, took her away to the seashore, hoping that the change would do her good. We had already been there three months when he arrived.

I loved him the first time I saw him; he was the ideal for whom I had been looking. We went boating, driving and walking together. It seems to me now that those six short weeks were a dream, or that we lived in Arcady. From early morning until evening, when the twilight shadows faded into night, we were together, and Margaret was with us.

At last the final week of Guy's stay



"YOU'RE HARDLY A STRANGER," I SAID.

came. He was to return to the city the following Monday. I felt very sad at the thought of his departure, though I looked forward to meeting him in the city. True, he had not spoken of love, but I knew; he did not need to speak.

All this time Margaret had not improved. She seemed to grow weaker as each day sped by. One night we tempted her to take a little walk on the sands. The air was warm and there was a land breeze, so there was no fear of her catching cold.

As we walked slowly, we all grew silent. I was thinking of the future and what it might bring. Guy of his departure, and Margaret—I know now, only too well, what her thoughts were.

"There is going to be a storm," I said, leisurely, pointing to a bank of dark clouds across the water.

"Nonsense!" said Guy. "You girls think every cloud means a tornado or cyclone."

We walked quietly along, each intent in our own thoughts, until Guy looked up, gave a sudden exclamation and shook my arm.

"The storm is upon us," he said. "Hurry, dear, hurry!"

The affectionate word escaped him involuntarily. The storm was indeed upon us. The sky was black with masses of quickly moving clouds. The wind howled and moaned, and in the distance we could see trees bent to the ground by its fury. The sea from time to time gave vent to sullen moans. There was no time to be lost.

I ran along the beach to where the hotel stood. Guy was helping Margaret. I had not gone many steps when I heard him call me. Turning I saw that my sister had fallen on the beach in a fainting fit.

We rubbed her hands and tried to bring her back to consciousness. In the meanwhile the storm was increasing and occasionally a large drop of rain fell.

"It is of no use," said Guy after a few minutes. "You must help me carry the poor child."

At the last word Margaret opened her eyes, and as she looked at him I saw in them a light that contracted my heart.

"You will save me, Guy, dear," she said, and again lost consciousness.

How we got her home I don't know.

It seemed hours before we reached the hotel steps and delivered her over to the care of the trained nurse who lived in the hotel. Guy never said a word, but his face was very white. He, too, understood that my poor sister loved him.

For six long, weary days I never saw Guy. He had not left the hotel, but was staying, so they said, until the crisis of Margaret's illness was over, for she had been very ill, night unto death.

Then they told me that unless Margaret saw him she would die. His name was on her lips all through her delirium, and every time a footstep passed the door she would turn her poor weak head to see if it was he at last.

I walked to the window and looked out at the now calm, quiet ocean. Should I do it? Could I do it? For one terrible moment fate trembled in the balance, and then I turned away, feeling that hope was dead in my heart. But, my mind made up, do it I will.

He came to our sitting room in response to my note asking for a few minutes' conversation. I had resolved to meet him coldly; there was no other way.

"Mr. Faversham," I said, after shaking hands with him, "my sister would like to see you. I think you know why."

He looked at me, and his face grew pale beneath the bronze.

"I am glad to hear that she is so much better as to be able to see strangers, Miss Venetia," he said.

I moistened my lips, they were dry and burning, with a glass of water that stood on the table beside me.

"You are hardly a stranger," I said, with a smile.

Then, before I knew it he had me in his arms.

"Oh, my darling," he cried, "I love you—you! Don't you know it?"

I hastily disengaged myself from his embrace and stepped back toward the door. I could at least leave the room if it grew too embarrassing. He followed me.

"Do you mean to say that you don't care for me, Venetia?" he said.

I shook my head. I could not trust to words.

"I won't believe it," he said, fiercely. "Not if you were to tell me it 50,000 times over."

I summed up all my strength.

"I am sorry, Mr. Faversham, that you have misunderstood my sentiments and feelings toward you. They have been friendly, but nothing more. I have always regarded you as my sister's lover."

I could say no more. There was a long silence. Guy had walked to the window and stood there like a statue, stern and immovable. At last he turned.

"You wish me to marry your sister, Venetia?"

"It will save her life," I whispered. "And you do not love me—you never could love me!"

"I shall always love you as a brother, Guy."

Without another word he left me. I listened to his step till I heard it in the distance like an echo, and then went to my room and prayed that I might die.

About three months after that fatal day we took Margaret home. She was much better; but my health had broken down so during her illness that the doctors recommended a thorough change for me; so three weeks after their decision I sailed for Europe.

I received letters regularly from Margaret and in each one she spoke of her improved health, and also mentioned casually that she had seen Mr. Faversham that day, or the day before.

At last the news came. They were engaged and were to be married very soon. I was not to come home, for they would join me to spend their honeymoon, that "Guy and my dear sister may learn to know each other better," wrote Margaret. Know each other better! Was not my cup of bitterness full enough without this added drop?

But it was written that I never was to meet the man I loved as the husband of another. Two days after they sailed from New York the gallant ship went down with all on board, my sister and her husband among them. My

sacrifice had been in vain, for now I had lost them both, and my darling never knew how deeply I had loved him.

### The Singer Not the Song.

The sentiment of a familiar song is as fully expressed by the music as by the words. In the singing of the national anthem by a mixed crowd, for example, it is surprising how few of the singers know the words of the songs that they are singing, and how well those who do not get on without them. The most of the people in the crowd sing the words of from two to half a dozen lines, and then they go on with "Ah, lum tum tum, lum tum tum," for the rest of the way, and their fervor is in nowise abated by the loss of coherency in the lines. It illustrates that words are not the only means of expressing thoughts. The details of the poet's reasoning are of small consequence to the average singer. What he has in his mind is patriotic enthusiasm, and, given a stirring air, he can pour it out just as well through incoherent syllables as through logically arranged stanzas. When the orchestra of a theater plays "Hall, Columbia," the whole audience applauds rapturously. But it is safe to say that not one person in twenty knows more of the words of that song than—

Hail, Columbia, happy land!

Hail, ye heroes, Heaven-born band!

But does it follow that the rest of the air, as played by the orchestra, is meaningless to them? By no means.

The sentiment of the first two lines goes through the whole musical composition for them, and they express it in their wordless singing.

### Curiosities of Domestic Folk Lore.

Old fancies or prejudices—superstitions, if you like—still retain their hold upon the popular mind, and always will. These bodies of ours are favorite objects on which to frame the network of superstitious ideas. Every deformity, every defect, every unusual work or quirk which good Mother Nature has bestowed upon our bodies, has its interpretation according as fancy or experience may conceive it. Thus moles have been supposed to show good or ill luck, as they happened to be located on the body. A mole on the chin or neck signifies riches, while one on the chest signifies poverty. Itching of the nose denotes that a stranger will certainly call upon us. An old dramatist of Queen Elizabeth's time says: "We shall have guests to-day; my nose itcheth so." It is considered an ill omen to have the eye brows meet.

Hence the poet says:

Trust not the man whose eyebrows meet,  
For in his heart you'll find deceit.

Loss of children, health and property is thought to result from the sudden loss of hair. There is a tradition that Judas had red hair, and hence the old-time notion that a red-haired person was deceitful. Shakespear, in "As You Like It," alludes to this belief, when he makes Rosalind say of Orlando, "His very hair is of the dissembling color." In reply, Celia says, "Something brownier than Judas."

### Bound to Get His Man.

A story is being told of a country doctor who was going his rounds one morning with his gun on his shoulder. He was a keen sportsman and was looking forward to polishing off a little game, when his professional duties were over. A friend meeting him and seeing him with a gun exclaimed:

"Where are you going, doctor, so early in the day, with that deadly weapon on your shoulder?" "I'm hurrying off to see a patient," he replied. "Well," said his friend, "I see you are determined not to miss him."

### Ancestry Reaching Way Back.

The most exclusive set of Japanese nobles trace back their ancestry in some cases 2,500 years. Those dating back only 500 or 600 years are regarded as parvenus.

### Descendant of Pharaoh.

An old gypsy has asked the Emperor of Austria to invest him with the dignity of King of the Gypsies, because he can prove his descent from King Pharaoh.

A man's fiery resolutions are apt to go up in smoke.

## A STRINGENT FOOD LAW.

Prohibits the Use of Arsenic or Alum in all Articles of Diet.

The law enacted by the Missouri legislature, a copy of which was recently published in our column, and which prohibits the manufacture or sale of any article intended for food or to be used in the preparation of food, which contains alum, arsenic, ammonia, etc., places that state in the lead in the matter of sanitary legislation.

Laws restricting the use of alum in bread have been in force in England, Germany and France for many years. In this country, in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky and several other states, direct legislation in reference to the sale of alum baking powders has also been effected. In several of these states their sale is prohibited unless they are branded to show that they contain alum, and in the District of Columbia, under the laws of Congress, the sale of bread containing alum has been made illegal.

Following are the names of some of the brands of baking powder sold in this vicinity which are shown by recent analysis to contain alum. Housekeepers and grocers should cut the list out and keep it for reference:

Baking Powders Containing Alum.

K. C. .... Contains Alum.

Manf. by Jacques Mfg. Co., Chicago.

CALUMET. .... Contains Alum.

Manf. by Calumet Baking Powder Co., Chicago.

HOME. .... Contains Alum.

Manf. by Home Baking Powder Co., San Francisco.

BEE-HIVE. .... Contains Alum.

Manf. by Washington Mfg. Co., San Francisco.

COLOOR LEAF. .... Contains Alum.

Manf. by Pacific Mfg. Co., Los Angeles.

The housekeeper should bear in mind that alum makes a cheap baking powder. It costs but two cents a pound while cream of tartar costs thirty. The quality of the powder is therefore usually indicated by the price.

## HIS OWN PORTRAIT.

### How an Artist Paints a Picture of Himself.

It has been a common practice with artists of all ages and countries to paint their own pictures, and at the Uffizi gallery in Florence can be seen a magnificent collection of portraits of the world's great painters done by themselves. It is a coveted honor to be invited to contribute one's own portrait to this collection, for one must be eminent before this compliment is paid. As may be easily understood, painting one's own portrait is a somewhat troublesome task, for the painter must do a good deal from memory, especially if he puts himself in an attitude which it is difficult to reflect in a mirror. A straightforward portrait looking out of the picture is obviously the easiest to manage, for the painter has only to place the mirror in front of him to see his model.

Triple and quadruple mirrors must be employed when the attitude is in any way removed from full face. A profile would be more difficult to see for oneself, but a three-quarter face would be no less so, as in both cases the artist would be working from a reflection of a reflection, which, to say the least of it, is a bothering condition.

The looking at oneself for a long time is one of the strange and trying conditions of painting one's own portrait, for difficulties and complexities appear to grow the more one tries to grapple with them. Like the road to the tired traveler, which seems to lengthen as he goes, so the difficulties of painting oneself appear to increase rather than diminish the more one looks at oneself.

Apart from painting one's own portrait, artists largely draw from themselves, for a man can more easily assume a particular attitude than get another person to do so. Then for details, such as a hand, arm, nose, eye, the artist and a mirror supply all that is required. Another of the many uses of a mirror is to reverse the work during its progress, as reversing a drawing will often reveal an awkwardness, want of balance or faulty drawing, which might otherwise go undetected.

—Chicago News.

### The Missionary's Little Joke.

A native Maori chieftain, the descendant of cannibal kings, is now completing his medical education in Chicago. Cannibalism ended in his tribe, he says, when Bishop Selwyn converted his grandfather, but he tells some stories of it which have a distinctly humorous flavor. For instance:

It is said that once a chief captured a missionary who was anything but a toothsome morsel, as he was old and thin and looked as if his flesh would be tough. The missionary warned the chief that he would not make a good dinner and, pulling up his trousers, cut a slice off the calf of his leg and offered it to the chief.

The chief tasted it, said he didn't like it and passed it to a subchief. The sub chief tasted it, made a wry face and passed it on. The next man who took a bite of it spat it out. The missionary was released. After he had gone it was discovered that he wore a cork leg.

### Frost the Windows.

So many people in towns have to live in flat houses or houses in which the back windows are in such close proximity to those of their neighbors that a simple method of rendering the glass opaque, but not excluding the light, may be useful. The frosted appearance of ground glass may be nearly imitated by gently dabbing the glass over with a paint brush dipped in white paint or any other oil color. The paint should be thin and but little color taken up at one time on the end of the bristles. When applied with a light and even touch, the resemblance to frosted glass is considerable.

Anesthetics were known in the days of Homer, and the Chinese 2,000 years ago had a preparation of hemp known as "tun yo" to deaden pain—something similar to our modern cocaine.

## REALITY IN FICTION.

### LIVING ORIGINALS OF AUTHORS' CHARACTERS.

Some of Them Have Resented the Liberties—Well-Known Characters in Fiction Who Are Portrayed by Themselves—Authors Score Enemies.

The characters in the writing of most eminent novelists are living realities. We see them around us; we recognize them in our relatives, our acquaintances, and, if not blinded by vanity, frequently in ourselves. Who has not numbered among his friends some individual who is the living walking image of a character made immortal by the pen of a Dickens or a Thackeray? And rest assured that while you are recognizing in some one else a character that agrees in every detail with one that the world has learned to laugh at or to love in the works of the great writers, some one else is discovering the same thing about you. The world is full of the characters, eccentric, serious and great, that literary genius has thrown a halo around. It is easy to ascribe a reason for this. Most of the characters in the books of Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Scott and the list of great authors were drawn from lay figures selected by the writers from among the people with whom they were acquainted.

The most recent instance of this is "Sherlock Holmes." The Scotch professor upon whom Conan Doyle founded the great detective has been recognized, and has been written up again and again, until he is as well known as the detective.

The original of the character of Micawber, who eternally looked for something to turn up, was Charles Dickens' own father, as is well known, while the weak and easily victimized Mrs. Nickleby was the mother of the novelist. Boythorn, in "Bleak House," caused a quarrel between Dickens and Walter Savage Landor, for the latter recognized in the character his own peculiarities, and resented the fact that he had been so treated. Leigh Hunt was angry with Dickens because the famous character of Harold Skimpole, in the same book, resembled his mannerisms so closely that there was no possibility of the likeness not being recognized. The original of Thackeray's Bulstrode, was no other than Bulwer, and there was a tremendous row over the naming of a murderer in one of his books, Catherine Hayes, which was the name of a famous songstress. Andrew

# THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered as the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1895.

General Funston will return to the firing line in Luzon to face Filipino bullets and win fresh laurels; whilst the uneasy Kansas politicians will resume the serious but safe business of office chasing in the Sunflower State, relieved from fear of immediate and total eclipse by the blazing star of the famous fighter.—S. F. Chronicle.

Great Britain wants the Transvaal for its rich mines of gold and Canada wants a port on our Alaskan coast to reach the Klondike gold placers. In both instances the greed for land not their own grows out of the greed for gold, but our kin on both sides of the sea will find it easier to gobble the little Dutch Republic in toto than to cut even a small slice from Uncle Sam's territory.

Atlanta is red hot and all Georgia is mad clean through because Admiral Dewey could not or would not attend their big meeting, and to get even with Dewey the Atlanta Journal has proclaimed to Georgia and all the rest of the world that Lt. Brumby, the great admiral's flag officer, and not Dewey, is the real hero who planned and won the battle of Manila Bay. Should Dewey find out that Georgia is mad, he will doubtless feel very sorry—for Georgia.

The Enterprise takes the liberty of suggesting to our school trustees, that the ground is in good condition and now is the best time to begin making preparation for planting those trees to ornament and shelter the school house and grounds. We trust this work will not be postponed, and should the trustees decide to plant trees the work from the breaking up and preparation of the ground to the planting of the trees, should be placed in the hands of some who thoroughly understands the business. If the question of funds stands in the way we submit that it would be far better to curtail the current school term one month or more, if necessary, than to permit the school house and grounds to remain in their present bare and desolate condition.

The Los Angeles Times is making a strong fight against a movement recently started of building storage reservoirs for impounding the waste waters to be used for irrigation and other economic purposes. At the recent meeting of the Miners' Association this same question bobbed up, the only sharp debate of the meeting occurring over the resolution favoring federal control of this vast undertaking, in the course of which Hon. George H. Maxwell met the arguments of the advocates of State control and effectively answered them at every point.

We think that Maxwell and the Times are right. The job is too big for this or any other State. There is now a concert of efforts in the arid and semi-arid States and Territories to have this work done by the general government, and we see no good reason why California should not join the movement to make this a national instead of a State undertaking.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

### RECIPROCAL DEVELOPMENT.

Every newspaper in the State should take up the question of water development in the West. What benefits any one section will benefit the whole State, and what benefits the State will benefit the whole West, and what benefits the West will benefit the entire country, the eastern oppositionist to the contrary notwithstanding. The more development and industry in the West the more supplies will be required from the East in the line of manufactures, while at the same time the West will consume or ship to the Orient practically all of its own agricultural production.—Exchange.

The irrigation congress that has been in session in Montana and that is to meet again in Chicago next year, is just as important as the National and unirrigated Congress. When it gets what it wants, the desert lands of the

West will disappear, the floods in the Mississippi will cease and the rain belt will widen.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Senator Hoar warmly praised McKinley in his Worcester speech and then planted himself squarely on the Massachusetts State Republican platform, expansion plank and all. This leaves the "anti-imperialists" to mourn the one man who gave their cause any standing in the old Bay State and saves the Republican party the expense of an ornate political funeral.—S. F. Chronicle.

General Funston is to be breveted Major-General. If he does as well in the Philippines this year as he did last his elevation to the full rank would quickly follow. As a Major-General of volunteers usually gets a chance in the peace reorganization of the Army to serve as Colonel of Regulars, the gallant Kansas may yet be shunted into the Army for good, to the relief of certain Sunflower politicians who fear his popularity.—S. F. Chronicle.

A Mugwump is like a balky mule. Watch him lay back his ears, brace his legs and resist progress. And hear him bray.—San Jose Herald.

### PRESS NOTES.

#### RUSHING WORK ON THE GAP.

Through Trains Not Possible Before a Year.

San Luis Obispo, October 28.—The approach of winter is causing contractors engaged on construction work along the gap of the Southern Pacific to push work with all possible speed in order to make as much headway as possible before heavy rains set in.

Storms have already interfered with the progress of the work, as ravines and gulches have been turned into torrents. Contractors feel satisfied with the amount of work accomplished this year, and they figure that the first train will go through by November 1st of next year. Contractor Gus Peterson, who was in town today, says that is the earliest possible date.

Santa Barbara, October 28.—Railroad officials in this city announce that trains will be running over the Coast line as far south as Gaviota within a few days. The rails have been laid within a mile and a half of that point. When trains begin running two stage lines, which also have the Government mail contract, will cease running.—S. F. Chronicle.

#### GLOBE SIGHTS.

As a general rule you can get the most work out of the busiest people.

Don't slander the dead; if you do justice to the living you will be kept busy.

Watch the man who is always willing to give you the best of it.

For real genuine sarcastic comment, you are referred to the tombstones in the cemetery.

A good many men go to church out of respect to their wives, and expect to be saved for the same reason.

When you think a man is talking nonsense, possibly he is talking nonsense, and you are unable to comprehend him.—Atchison Globe.

#### SAVE THE DIMES.

[Written for the ENTERPRISE.]

Save up your money, my lad; You shouldn't depend on your dad; You will learn in time that the man with the dime Doesn't find that this world is so bad.

Save up your money, my lad; The labor will make your heart glad; The man with the dime can have a good time When the lad who has spent his is sad.

Rake in the dollars, my lad; Who says that my motto is bad; You will find as a rule, he's a crank or a fool Who has spent all for wine that he had.

Scrape up the dollars, my lad; Though preachers montions be sad; You will stand higher here; you will go higher There; Through the eye of a needle, my lad.

Hang to your dollars, my lad; Need not the sneer of the cad; You must ne'er be put down by the fools or the clown Who may frown on your efforts, my lad.

DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

Why There Was No Room.

When he was a young man, Senator Hale of Maine, like many young men who have later on in life made their mark in the world, was not without that egotism which is said to be a element of success.

On one occasion Mr. Hale was riding in an old fashioned stage coach with Senator and Mrs. Frye. The only other passenger was an Irish woman past middle life, rather comely of face, who wore enormous hoops, fashionably at that period. To amuse his fellow passengers Mr. Hale, pretended to be much enamored of Biddy and would sit up close to her as if he were about to put his arms about her, look unutterable things at her and entertained himself and his companions at the good natured creature's expense. Finally at one of the stations a man put his head in the door and asked if there was any room to be had inside the coach.

"No," said Mr. Hale. "All the seats are taken." Then turning to the Irish woman and looking into her eyes with great tenderness he said:

"There isn't any room in here, is there? We don't want any one else in here, do we?"

"No," said Biddy, with a delightful brogue. "My hoops are pretty large, and I see you feel pretty large, and there is no room here."—Detroit Free Press.

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND HONEST persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$300 a year and expenses. Straight bone-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references are basis in my town. It is to be understood at home in the Dominion. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. S. Chicago.

It is surprising how many young looking people there are who have been married more than once.

### SOLDIER WEDS A PORTO RICAN.

A Romance Which Developed from the War with Spain.

Love and war sometimes work to strange ends. Cupid and Mars often go hand in hand. A romance of the recent war with Spain is developing its second chapter in Grand Rapids.

The principals in this romance are a soldier and a little Porto Rican señorita. The soldier was a private in the Nineteenth United States Infantry. Previous to his enlistment he was a barber in Grand Rapids. He is now a worker in a furniture factory and his bride, the daughter of Señor Carlos Gensana, alcade of Ponce, is trying to be happy as she can under the circumstances. Before her marriage the bride had never been beyond the shores of her native island. Her new life must be strange to her as would be life in another planet.

Three years ago, before the war with Spain was even looked upon as a possibility, George Martin, then working at his trade as a barber, grew tired of civil life and decided to become a soldier. He enlisted under Lieut. Rowan and was assigned to the Nineteenth Infantry, then stationed at Detroit. When the war with Spain broke out the Nineteenth was hurried South. While waiting for orders to advance where hostilities were active Martin was stricken with fever and was taken to a division hospital. His regiment was moved to Porto Rico with Gen. Miles, and Martin, still a patient, but eager to join his command, sailed soon after.

When active hostilities in the island ceased time began to hang heavy upon the hands of the soldier. Martin decided to resume his trade. He opened



SEÑORITA MERCEDES GENSANA.

a little barber shop in Ponce and soon prospered. About this time Martin discovered that many of the Porto Ricans were anxious to learn the language of the conquerors. He started a class in English, which became so popular that the soldier rapidly advanced from barber to an instructor and some of the best families in Ponce furnished the pupils.

All went well until one day he was summoned to the home of the alcade. It was a beautiful residence of stone and marble, luxuriously furnished and containing evidences of good taste and refinement. The alcade introduced the teacher to his daughter, a pretty, dark-eyed señorita, and it was to teach the Señorita Mercedes Gensana the English language that the soldier had been summoned. The American was tall, stalwart and good-looking. He fell in love with his pupil while she was concerning her lessons. She had a susceptible heart, and early it became manifest that his affections were returned. The courtship was pursued under difficulties, with members of the family always in attendance when the tutor was present. In course of time the American asked the venerable alcade for the hand of his daughter, and the prize was readily bestowed upon the young citizen of the rich and powerful country whose flag floated over Porto Rico.

The wedding which soon followed was one of the most brilliant which the city of Ponce ever witnessed, as befitting the favorite daughter of a citizen so prominent and so wealthy. It was attended by the elite of the city. Martin's comrades were there to the number of 200 or more. The festivities continued several days, and when the bells ceased ringing the señorita had become an American bride.

Soon after Martin and his bride sailed for the States and came directly to Grand Rapids. The soldier's term of enlistment had expired. He was offered a commission in a new volunteer regiment recruiting for the Philippine service, but declined. He is now working as a sand paperer in one of the furniture factories, and his southern bride is adapting herself as best she can and most heroically to her new station life as a poor man's wife.

Gone Into Retirement.

Within the last forty or fifty years novels have undergone an extraordinary change, particularly in their heroines. This change in novels and their heroines is due, in a great measure, to the change in women themselves. These have ceased to be the romantic, sentimental, artificial beings they were even thirty years ago, and their reflection in fiction has been discontinued. The heroine of the period is not satisfied to look pretty and obey the fixed rules of etiquette; nor is the actual woman so satisfied, either. The actual woman wants to be somebody, to do something, to take some part in life; and she is and does, even if surrounded by luxury and bulwarked by influential friends. Many of the novels of the old type were weakening, if not demoralizing. Not so with the later novels, those of the present, especially. The better kind are intellectual, encouraging, stimulating, in a good sense, and teach valuable lessons of life.

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It is surprising how many young looking people there are who have been married more than once.

### Labor World.

#### SECRET OF BRIGHT COLORS.

An Englishman Pays Dearly For a Sunshine Trick.

In speaking to the writer about the favorable influence that fine weather has upon the production of bright and delicately shaded dyes and colors, a famous English manufacturer of carmine recently said:

"Some years ago I was aware of the superiority of the French carmine, and being anxious to improve upon my own process, I went to Lyons and bargained with the most celebrated manufacturer in that city for the acquisition of his secret, for which I was to pay \$5,000.

"Well, I was shown all the process and saw a most beautiful color produced, but I noticed that there was not the least difference in the French mode of fabrication and that which I constantly adopted myself. I thereupon appealed to my instructor and insisted that he must have kept some secret concealed. The man assured me he had not and asked me to inspect the process a second time. I accepted the invitation, and after I had minutely examined the water and the materials, which were in every respect similar to my own, I still felt so much in the dark that I said, 'I have lost both my labor and money, for the air of England does not admit us to make good carmine.'

"'Stay!' said the Frenchman. 'Don't deceive yourself. What kind of weather is it now?'

"A bright and sunny day,' I replied.

"And such are the days," said the Frenchman, "on which I make my color.

"Were I to attempt to manufacture it on a dark and cloudy day my results would be the same as yours. Let me advise you, my friend, only to make your carmine on bright, sunny days."

"The moral of this," continued the Englishman, "will apply quite as well to the making of many other colors used in manufacture, and also in the fine arts, for it illustrates in a practical way the chemical influence of light upon certain coloring compounds or mixtures."—Washington Star.

The Saleslady's Romance.

"Yes, I'm in the necktie department now. I like it ever so much better than selling ribbons. Men are so much easier to suit than women. All you've got to do is smile at them and you can sell them any old thing. The women will fling over the whole stock and not buy 10 cents' worth—just as if a lady had nothing to do but show goods.

Besides, I don't like the floorwalker in the ribbon department. The one we've got now is lovely. His name is Perkins—Horatio Perkins—and he's just as swell.

"And, say, can you keep a secret?

He's—you won't tell a soul?—well, he's in love with me. No, he hasn't said so yet, but I can tell by the way he looks at me—never takes his eyes off me from morning till night. He's jealous, too, and that's a sure sign. You ought to've seen him yesterday when George came in to invite me to the bill poster's ball. George—he's my old steady, you know—well, he and I was standing there talking when Horatio—I mean Mr. Perkins—came along. He gave me an awful fierce look, but I never let on that I seen him, but just kept right on talking.

"Then he stepped right up to me and says, his voice quivering with suppressed emotion, he says: 'Miss Robinson,' he says, 'are you aware that there are half a dozen customers waiting for you?'

"I know he only said that so as not to betray his real feelings, because when I turned around there wasn't any six customers there at all. There was only four."—New York Journal.

SO YEARS' EXPERIENCE

TRADE MARKS

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AND

Patents

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbooks on Patents free. Send for our specimen patents.

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A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

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Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms,

## TOWN NEWS.

Times good.  
Weather fine.  
Business increasing.  
Plenty of work at the Pottery.  
Work rushing at the race track.  
Running full-handed at Fuller's.  
Times lively at the packing house.  
The new well at the pumping station is down 168 feet.  
Big lot of new goods at the People's Store selling at bedrock prices.  
District Attorney Bullock was in town on official business on Monday.

If you want to really enjoy reading your paper, pay up your subscription.  
Kaufmann is selling boots and shoes at city prices and has a complete stock.

Don't forget the ball this evening for the benefit of the children's Christmas tree.  
Services at Grace Mission Sunday 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school 10 a. m.

A meeting of the Directors of the Western Turf Association was held on Thursday.  
You can help the children's Christmas tree by buying a ticket to the ball this evening.

For fire insurance in first-class companies, call on E. E. Cunningham at P. O. building.

The new oil tank at the Pottery, to replace the one recently burned, has been completed.

Contractor Medus has his work at the Cunningham cottage, on Baden avenue, nearly completed.

Hang a present on the children's Christmas tree for 1899 by buying a ticket to the ball tonight.

The Baden Brick Company have manufactured about three millions of bricks during the present season.

Joe Furrer of San Bruno has started a milk wagon route in our town and will supply fresh milk at 5 cents a quart.

Cal. Vickers, alias Wm. Johnson, alias Wm. Wight, was on Monday held to answer upon the charge of grand larceny.

A local paper is always working to build up the town and every man doing business should advertise in his home paper.

John Brandrup's team was run into by the electric cars on Mission road Sunday evening, badly injuring Mr. Brandrup's buggy.

The San Mateo Coursing Park, near Colma, opened on Sunday last with a large attendance and every indication of a successful career.

Editor Enterprise: Garfield Council, No. 5, Sentinels of the Universe, meets every Friday evening at the Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

Hon. Jacob Bryan of Colma was in town on Tuesday and remembered the Enterprise with some fine specimens of choice apples from his home orchard at Colma.

Jack Wallace returned on the first of the week from his Half Moon Bay outing looking big, brawny and bronzed and fit to tackle any sort of a job successfully.

The young men of our town have organized a social club, of which J. B. Wallace has been chosen president, John Huber, secretary, and C. T. Connally, treasurer.

Frank Glazier, the Colma butcher who was struck over the head after dark on Thursday of last week, by some cowardly cur, is recovering under the skillful care of Dr. Kahl.

Mr. E. Dahl, who has been confined to his room for several weeks by a painful and stubborn attack of rheumatism, is, we are pleased to note, able to be around again.

M. Skrogoff returned to town on Monday after an absence of several months. He will go out to Manila as quartermaster, on the transport Hancock, which will sail in about three weeks.

Our citizens will be pained to learn that Frank Nunes, who has for some weeks been at St. Mary's Hospital, in San Francisco, suffering from hemorrhages of the lungs, now lies in a very precarious condition, with slight hopes of his recovery.

In the pulling match at Tanforan Park, on Sunday, between the teams of Captain Rehberg and Mr. Donovan, the teams were found to be very evenly matched, both as to weight and pulling power. Captain Rehberg's team received the award.

News comes from Omaha that P. E. Iler, the first general manager of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has recently suffered a stroke of paralysis, from the effects of which he is unable to walk and has to be wheeled about in a chair.

Garfield Council, No. 5, Sentinels of the Universe, will give a free public entertainment and ball in the first part of November. The entertainment will be given under the auspices of the Supreme Council by San Francisco talent. Watch for the great minstrel show and the Sentinel Brass Band.

A Member.

Mrs. W. J. Martin, with her daughter Grace, returned home on Friday from a two-months' visit with friends and relatives at Galesburg, Ill., and at Omaha, Nebraska. Mrs. Martin was accompanied on her return by Miss Lydia Moore of Omaha, who will spend the winter here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

Arthur Campbell, charged with robbing Mr. Gioli of a gold watch some time ago on the summit near Albert Eikenkotter's place, pleaded guilty in the Superior Court, Thursday, and was sentenced to serve a term of two years at San Quentin. His attorney, George C. Ross, made a strong plea for

clemency, reciting the fact that this was Campbell's first offense. The prisoner broke down and wept bitterly when sentence was pronounced.—Coast Advocate.

Guillaume Caseres has been granted a decree of foreclosure against George Gonsen et al. on twenty acres of land located at Millbrae for \$6518 and counsel fees in the sum of \$250. A. Comte is the attorney for Caseres. A. Genochio of Redwood City a short time ago secured a judgment against the same property for \$1081.50 and attorney fees amounting to \$100. Mr. Genochio held the first mortgage. The land is to be sold to pay both judgments.—Coast Advocate.

We notice that our Brother Shafer, in the Advocate, says: "The San Mateo Coursing Association paid to License Collector Granger last Friday \$600—one year's license to conduct a coursing park at South San Francisco. All correct, Brother Shafer, save and except the fact that the San Mateo Coursing Park is located near Colma and not at South San Francisco, facts which we state because our innate modesty and rectitude forbids us to allow any one to credit us with that which is not our own."

Garfield Council, No. 5, Sentinels of the Universe, was instituted on October 5th by the Supreme Sentinels. Mr. J. L. Geary, Jr., with twenty-seven charter members. The following officers have been elected and installed for the ensuing term: Chief Sentinel, Thos. D. Bowers; Vice-Sentinel, J. E. Strong; Secretary, A. V. Heekeren; Treasurer, J. Vandebos; Conductor, J. W. Trask; Guard, M. Rapley; Sentry, W. Higgins; Physician, Dr. A. J. Holcomb; Trustees—N. Murphy, Dr. A. J. Holcomb, M. Rapley.

### BURNS RESULT FATALLY.

Oakland, October 24.—Miss Harriet McLeod, who was burned by the accidental overturning of a coal oil lamp at her residence, 1642 Seventeenth street, last night, died at midnight from the effects of her frightful injuries. Miss McLeod was so seriously burned that the attending physicians could do nothing but alleviate her terrible suffering. No hope was entertained for her recovery at any time, as she had inhaled the deadly flame.

An inquest will be held by Coroner Mehrmann tomorrow night.—S. F. Chronicle.

Miss McLeod was related to Miss Rachel McCrimmon of this place and was an old friend of Mrs. Minnie Jones of the Baden Hotel, where she visited Miss McCrimmon and Mrs. Jones on several occasions.

### UNION COURSING PARK.

Lady Emma Captures the Open Stake in Good Style.

With a good attendance, strong horses and brisk betting the sport at Union Park Sunday was all that the coursing enthusiasts could desire. The final in the open stake was run a few minutes before 6 o'clock. Mount Ida and Rienzi, owned by Laude & Gerben, beat all the other entries in the puppy stake and were the only ones left for the final. Belonging to the same owners the purse was divided.

The surprise of the day was Lady Emma, who beat Green Valley Maid, Nellie Bawn, Glen Roy, Cavalier and Theron in turn, landing the prize for her owners, Russell, Allen & Wilson. Glen Roy was the only one to cause uneasiness, her course with him resulting in a tie, which, when run off, left her an easy winner. She was the short end against Cavalier and Theron, as good as 5 to 1 being laid against her. Craig Boy, thought by many to be a likely contestant, was run off his feet by Pirate in the second, and although he won the effort cost him his chance with Racine, who had him beaten at the start. Monogram, another good one, stayed until he met Mount Ida.—S. F. Chronicle.

### FOR SALE.

One double-bed, one new lounge and other furniture. Inquire at Postoffice for particulars and prices.

### Contrary.

"I think my Uncle Jerry," said Aunt Mehitable, "was the contrarist man I ever see. I remember of his picking up a hot ptate once when we was eatin dinner, an there wasn't no company at the house, nuther. An what do you s'pose he done with it?"

"Threw it at somebody?" conjectured one of the listeners.

"No; he held it in his hand till it blistered him."

"What did he do that for?"

"Cause anybody else would 'a' dropped it!"—Youth's Companion.

### The Old, Old Story.

Old Lady (reading a letter from her son in college)—"Lor' sakes alive! Josie, if John hain't gone an done it! An he warn't no hand for the gals, nuther!"

Her Worse Half—Wut's the trouble, Samantha?

Old Lady—Why, he says he's fallen in love with Belle—er—Belle Letters—Brooklyn Life.

### An Easy One.

He entered the cheap restaurant and took a seat at one of the tables.

"Will you have a 15 cent dinner or a 25 cent one?" inquired a waiter.

"Is there any real difference?"

"Certainly."

"What is it?"

"Ten cents."—Ohio State Journal.

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### NEW ELECTRIC LAMP.

For This Is Claimed Increased Luminosity at a Minimum Cost. The new electric lamp shown in the cut forms the subject of a patent recently issued, for which is claimed increased luminosity at a minimum cost. In the design the carbon, instead of being simply a loop, is made to coil around a vertical tube in the center of the bulb. This tube is made of a special reflecting composition and is said to give to the lamp a much greater illuminating power in addition to that obtained by the peculiar form of the filament at an economy, it is claimed, of 40 to 50 per cent of the current used.

### DO NOT SUFFER FROM HEAT.

It has often been said that the capacity of the negro race for enduring heat has never been fully tested. An incident related by a dairyman living on the outskirts of the city seems to bear out this assertion. He has a young negro boy, who looks after the cattle and does chores around the place. The only effect that the heat produces in his case is a desire for slumber. The dairyman had a young calf in the barnyard and as the sun was pouring in on the poor animal his wife sent "Carlina" out to turn the calf loose, so that he could seek a shady spot. After waiting an hour for his return the housewife went to the barnyard to investigate. There she found both boy and calf curled up in the hot and stifling barnyard. The calf was dead from the effects of the sun, but the boy was slumbering peacefully by its side.

While a negro can stand any amount of heat on his head, he loves to cool his heels. It is a common sight in the winter to see a negro boy on a frosty morning with his head bundled up to keep out the cold and at the same time walking unconcernedly along the frosty ground in his bare feet. One of the hottest places in the city on a hot day is at the lumber wharves of the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad. When the men knock off for noon they frequently take a nap with their faces upturned to the rays of the blazing sun; at the same time they get their feet under the shadow of some friendly lumber pile.—Florida Times-Union.

### A SAGACIOUS ELEPHANT.

G. E. Peal states that he once saw a young elephant deliberately fashion a surgical instrument. He saw the animal in question go to a bamboo fence and break off one of the pickets; this picket it further fractured with its trunk and one of its fore feet until it obtained a sharp fragment some ten or twelve inches in length. Then, leaning forward on one of its forelegs, it thrust this fragment, which it grasped with its trunk, into its "armpit," and vigorously moved it to and fro. As a result of this operation a large elephant leech was dislodged, which dropped to the ground and was at once ground to mincemeat beneath the horny toes of the sagacious brute, which grunted its intense satisfaction!

Jessie, the elephant mentioned above, had some knowledge of pneumatics. One day I tossed a peanut, which fell to the ground some eight or ten inches beyond the utmost reach of her trunk. She stretched out this organ to its full extent toward the peanut, then blew through it a sudden, quick and powerful blast. The peanut was hurled against the wall, whence it bounded and then rolled beneath the feet of the intelligent animal, which at once swallowed. I tried this experiment several times, each time with a like result.—Scientific American.

### Dead Languages.

There are certain languages which, although they are still spoken and written in, are to all intents and purposes dead. For instance, Icelandic is practically identical with the dead Norse language, out of which the Scandinavian tongues have grown. So, too, Provencal, the ancient language of Provencia, and the speech in which the troubadours sung, has now sunk to the level of a patois, although a certain French literary school is making efforts to revive it as a literary language. Hebrew, again, though still spoken, is to all intents and purposes dead in the sense that Greek and Latin are. Cornish, Manx and the old, mysterious Romany tongue are also examples which should be mentioned.

### Quaint Epitaph in Wales.

In a churchyard in Flintshire an epitaph in memory of Hugh Hughes, high sheriff in 1743, says of that worthy functionary that in private life "his manner was constantly to attend the upstart sect of the brashish Calvinistic Methodists that would have taken men off from it; timely to compose differences between neighbors ere they became exasperated. By which behavior he was valued when living and when dead much lamented."

### Safe Depths for Divers.

The greatest diving feat ever achieved, it is said, was in moving the cargo of the ship Cape Horn, wrecked off the coast of South America, when a diver named Hooper made seven descents to a depth of over 200 feet, remaining at one time forty-two minutes under the water. An authority states that the greatest depth to which a man has been known to descend does not exceed 220 feet—which is equivalent to a pressure of 88½ pounds to the square inch.

Bicycles Regarded as Carriages. A bicycle has in England been held to be a "carriage" in the meaning of an act that made furious driving a criminal act.

### STORY OF NOSES.

Why Renowned Generals Had a Nasal Organ of Roman Type.

The features are developed by the mind. A child that is reared amid pleasant surroundings and whose mind is filled with pleasant thoughts, will have a pleasing face. The shape of the nose and chin will depend entirely upon the strength and character of the mental faculties.

At 10 a boy's nose may be small and turned up at the end, at 15 it may have grown larger and be straight and at 25 it may be pronounced Roman. It all depends upon his mind.

The Romans had big noses with high bridges because they were a steady and determined race of people. Sturdiness and determination will give a man a Roman nose, no matter how little or how snubby his proboscis may have been when he was born. The Greeks had straight, delicate, finely chiseled noses because their tastes are artistic and poetic. You never saw a poet or artist with a Roman or snub nose, did you?

On the other hand, it would be hard to find a great general who had not a Roman nose. Get pictures of Alexander the Great, Napoleon, Wellington, Washington or Grant and see if they have not all got big, strong noses of the Romanesque type. Yet it is quite safe to say that if we could have portraits of all these personages, taken in infancy, we would find their olfactory organs little pudgy affairs, like those of the common run of babies. These men were not great generals because they had Roman noses; they had Roman noses because they were great generals.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Lots of These Socialists.

"No, my child, you cannot marry Ravenswood Plunks."

"But, papa, what is your objection to Ravel?"

"My child, he is one of the most obnoxious socialists I ever met."

"A socialist, papa? Surely you are mistaken!"

"No, I'm not. He actually demanded to share my wealth with me!"

"Ravel did that? Why, papa, what did he say?"

"He said he wanted to be my son-in-law."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A GENTLE REPROOF.

"Why is it that you people have so many revolutions?"

"My friend," replied the South American, "you forget that each country must have amusements suited to its temperament. You also overlook the airy facility which practice gives. Hence your misuse of language. Those are not revolutions. They are merely somersaults."—Washington Star.

All mechanical powers, the screw, lever, pulley, inclined plane, wedge, wheel and axle, were known to the ancients and used in everyday life.

Dr. W. C. Wilcox, Dentist, from Redwood City, will be in South San Francisco the last week of each month. All work guaranteed and done at city prices. Painless filling and extraction of teeth a specialty. Wait for the Doc.

### WANTED.

A young man to learn the barber's trade. Apply at Postoffice, South San Francisco, San Mateo county, Cal.

### Reward!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

### NOTICE.

Patrons of the Postoffice at this place will please take notice that hereafter no money orders will be issued after 6:30 o'clock, p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

### MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is fairly active and prices steady.

Sheep—Sheep of all kinds are selling at strong prices.

Hogs



## SOME NEW CHAPEAUX.

## KILLED BY A BEAK BLOW.

**The Loon Is a Dangerous Bird With Which to Battle.**  
The loon, or great northern diver, is a powerful bird. The following instance of one of them conquering a man happened a few years ago:

A young Miemac Indian, living at Grand Lake, N. S., wanted to get the skin of one of these beautiful birds to present to his mistress on her birthday.

One day the youth, who was an adept at imitating the peculiar sobbing cry of the loon, succeeded in calling a bird within shooting distance. His shot, however, failed to kill outright, and the bird, although so severely wounded that it could neither swim nor dive, yet retained sufficient life and strength to remain upright in the water.

The boy, thinking that his game did not need another shot, swam out to retrieve it, but when he approached near enough to seize the bird it suddenly made a dash at him, sending its head and neck out with a spring like an arrow from a bow. It was only by a quick duck of his head that the Indian succeeded in evading the blow. He swam about the loon several times, attempting to dash in and seize him by the neck, but the wary bird succeeded in foiling each effort by continually facing him and lunging out with his powerful neck.

The Indian then swam up to within a few feet of the bird and, diving under him with considerable skill, caught him by the legs. He carried him under, and, although the bird struggled fiercely, managed to retain his hold. But when they both rose to the surface again a battle royal began, the Indian seeking to carry his prize ashore and the bird attempting to regain his freedom. The bird, however, was too much for his foe and before the Indian had covered a yard on his shore bound course disabled him with a vicious blow from his beak full on the naked chest.

The effect of the blow was almost instantaneous, fatal, for the beak penetrated close to the Indian's heart.

MASTERS IN "TOUCHING" ART.

Two Smooth Methods of Raising Funds

Practiced by Dead Beasts.

The man who "touches" you by means of a messenger-delivered note, containing a ballad-and-waltz story of the predicament he is in and his terrific need for \$20 instantly, considers the percentage about right when he puts one out of two such "touches" under wire.

"I stood for one like that once," says a writer in the Washington Star. "Said his wife was ill, and that he needed the money the worst way. I split the amount of his 'touch' in two and sent the half to him. That evening I saw him out at a suburban resort, taking dinner with his wife, who looked to be, and was, in Amazonian health. He has hated me ever since. I wouldn't mind that, however, if he'd only make good."

"Then there's the jolly 'toucher.'

"S'pose it's all off up at my camp, he says with all the good humor in life. Found my groceryman sitting on the steps when I went home yesterday afternoon, and I had to put up a scrap to get by him. S'pose he's seized one of the kids for ransom to-day."

"Why don't you pay your grocery bill, then? you ask him.

"Darn the luck. I don't know why I don't; he says, laughing all over. 'Got mixed up in a poker game last pay day—and, say, what d'ye s'pose happened? I got four jacks in a jackpot, and I just ask you, man to man, didn't it look like a pipe? Well, sir, if one of the other fellows didn't have four kings, I hope I may never, etc. If you haven't got the sense that you came into the world with you'll cough up more or less strongly to help out this jolly ass with his groceryman. (I grieve to remark, in parentheses, and in a hushed tone, that I didn't exhibit the sense I was born with once—just once.)"

**Intricacies of the Language.**

"Zee American language ees one zat ees asily comprehendz, I don't zink," said the French borderer to the young man who never eats veal.

"You seem inclined to kick about it."

"Oui. I am notations making of ze leetle oddities zat I encounter in ze zat you call orthography."

"Yes?"

"Oui. You spell s-h-o-e?"

"We do."

"And blue, bl-u-e?"

"Exactly."

"And shoeing, s-h-o-e-i-n-g?"

"Well, what of it?"

"And bluing, b-l-u-i-n-g?"

"Well, haven't we a right to?"

"Oui. But why are you so economi-

cal as to smuggle out de leetle e in bluing and make him so conspicuous in shoeing? Ah! Zat is where I has got you!"

**A Fisherman's Paradise.**

The record just published of a fishing expedition in Lapland should be good reading for anglers. The party was one of two rods, with followers. They fished for eleven days, and secured a total of 232 salmon and 115 grilse, weighing in all nearly 5,000 pounds. The best day's catch for one rod was thirty-three salmon and twenty-two grilse, or a total weight of 553 pounds. It should be added that the fishing party had to wait their opportunity, for when they arrived at their destination the river was frozen, and when the thaw came there was at first too much water for fishing.—The Globe.

**Explanatory.**

Guest—You charge more for a porterhouse steak than you used to do. Why is it?

Proprietor of restaurant—I have to pay more for it. The price of beef has gone up.

Guest—The steak is smaller than it used to be, too.

Proprietor of restaurant—That, of course, is on account of the scarcity of beef.—Chicago Tribune.

A policeman is supposed to be always looking for trouble.

# Acid in the Blood

That rheumatism in its worst form can be cured by proper treatment is shown by this interview with Mat Tanner, of 231 Hamilton St., Albany, N. Y. He said: "I was taken with rheumatism that began in my back and spread through my body. For two years and a half I was confined to my bed. I employed nine of the best physicians of Albany, and two specialists from New York, but all declared me to be hopeless. I once recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The use of several boxes enabled me to leave my bed and go about with crutches. Finally I abandoned the crutches, and am now as well as ever. I am a great fan of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is too strong for my case."

MAT TANNER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1898.

NEIL F. TOWNER, Notary Public.

From the Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box. 6 boxes \$3.00.

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# TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

# TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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